But that it beare this triall, and last loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this Virgin Palme, now kissing thine,
I will be thine: and till that instant shut
My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death,
If this thou doe denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others heart.

Kin. If this, or more then this I would denie.
To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eye,
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy brest.

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Rose. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A twelue moneth shall you spend, and neuer rest,
But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.

Du. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three.

Dn. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not so my Lord, a twelue moneth and a day,
Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some.

Dum. Ile serue thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet sweare not least ye be forsworne agen.

Lon. What saies *Maria*?

Mari. At the twelue moneths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. Ile stay with patience: but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so yong.

Ber. Studies my Lady? Mistresse, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:
What humble suite attends thy answere there,
Impose some seruice on me for my loue

Ros. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you, and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man repleate with mockes,
Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit,
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You shall this twelmoneth terme from day to day,
Visite the speechlesse sicke, and still conuerse
With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agony.

Ros. Why that's the way to choake a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A iests prosperitie lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.

Ber. A twelue moneth? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile iest a twelue moneth in an Hospitall.

Qu. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our wooing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies curtesie
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie.

Kin. Come sir, it wants a twelue moneth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter